

T H E

5

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

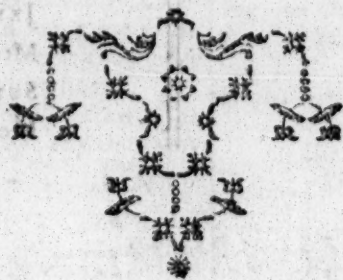
I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by Mr. G A Y.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

MART.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WENMAN, No 144, FLEET-STREET; and Sold by all
other Booksellers in Town and Country.

MDCCLXXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. PEACHUM.
LOCKIT.
MACHEATH.
FILCH.
JEMMY TWITCHER.
Crook-finger'd JACK.
WAT DREARY.

ROBIN of BAGSHOT.
Nimbling NED.
HARRY PADDINGTON.
MAT of the MINT.
BEN BUDGE.
Beggar.
Player.

Constables, Drawers, Turnkey, &c.

W O M E N.

Mrs. PEACHUM.
POLLY PEACHUM.
LUCY LOCKIT.
DIANA TRAPES.
Mrs. COAXER.
DOLLY TRULL.

Mrs. VIXEN.
BETTY DOXY.
JENNY DIVER.
Mrs. SLAMMEKIN.
SUKEY TAWDRY.
MOLLY BRAZEN.

T H E B E G G A R ' s O P E R A .

INTRODUCTION.

Beggars, Player.

Beg. IF Poverty be a title to Poetry, I am sure nobody can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

Play. As we live by the Muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit wherever we find it. The Muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dulness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So (though you are in want) I wish you success heartily.

Beg. This piece, I own, was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chaunter and Moll Lay, two most excellent ballad-fingers. I have introduced the families that are in all your celebrated operas: The Swallow, the Moth, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, &c. Besides, I have a prison scene, which the ladies always reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative: excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an opera in all its forms. The piece, indeed, hath been heretofore frequently represented by ourselves in our great room in St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

Play. But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin.—Play away the overture.

[Exeunt.]

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Peachum's House.

Peachum sitting at a Table with a large Book of Accounts before him.

A I R I. An old Woman clothed in Grey, &c.

THROUGH all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife;
All professions be-rogue one another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knowes the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like me too, he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em; for 'tis but fitting that we should

protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

SCENE II. Peachum, Filch.

Filch. Sir, Black Moll hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

Peach. Why, she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowledge she hath taken care of that security. But, as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

Filch. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

Peach. A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him. [*Writes.*] For Tom Gagg, forty pounds. Let Betty Sly know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

Filch. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to-year than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis a pity to lose so good a customer.

Peach. If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelvemonth longer. I love to let women escape. A good sportsman always lets the hen partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward; there is nothing to be got by the death of women—except our wives.

Filch. Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'Twas to her I was obliged for my education, and (to say a bold word) she hath trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming-table.

Peach. Truly, Filch, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

A I R II. The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.
Filch. 'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;

*By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind;
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty must be fed into our arms.*

Peach. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

Filch. When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit for ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction.

SCENE III.

Peach. But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hang'd. A register of the gang. [*Reading.*] Crook-finger'd Jack; a year and a half in the ser-

vice; let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! Sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them true gold; six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords; half a dozen of shirts; three tye-perriwigs, and a piece of broad-cloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow; for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. Wat Dreary, alias Brown Will, an irregular dog, who hath an under-hand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good behaviour. Harry Paddington, a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius; that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. Slippery Sam; he goes off the next session; for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honest employment. Mat of the Mint, lifted not above a month ago, a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way; somewhat too bold and hasty; and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. Tom Tiddle, a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand: a cart is absolutely necessary for him. Robin of Bagshot, alias Gorgon, alias Bluff Bob, alias Car-buncle, alias Bob Booty.

SCENE IV. Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Mrs. Peach. What of Bob Booty, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him. You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this ring.

Peach. I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear; he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pounds lost to us for ever.

Mrs. Peach. You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women, indeed, are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave, that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

A I R III. Cold and raw, &c.

*If any wench Venus's girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly;
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous smugly.
Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord,
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart bath the air of a lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adams!*

But, really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted; for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all, these seven months: And truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

Peach. What a dickens is the woman always a whim'ring about murder for? No gentleman is ever look'd upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence; and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

Mrs. Peach. If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse me; for nobody can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

Peach. Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in Newgate every year, purely upon that article! If they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in manslaughter, what are they the worse

for it? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was Captain Macheath here this morning, for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

Mrs. Peach. Yes, my dear; and though the Bank hath stop't payment, he was so cheerful, and so agreeable! Sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! If he comes from Bagshot at any reasonable hour, he hath promis'd to make one this evening with Polly and me, and Bob Booty, at a party of quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the Captain rich?

Peach. The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. Marybone and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play, should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be train'd up to it from his youth.

Mrs. Peach. Really, I am sorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? He should leave them to prey upon one another.

Peach. Upon Polly's account! What, a plague, does the woman mean?—Upon Polly's account!

Mrs. Peach. Captain Macheath is very fond of the girl.

Peach. And what then?

Mrs. Peach. If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure Polly thinks him a very pretty man.

Peach. And what then? You would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! Gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

Mrs. Peach. But if Polly should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl, I am in the utmost concern about her. A I R IV. Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd, &c.

*If love the virgin's heart invade,
How, like a moth, the simple maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's singe'd, and then, for life,
She's—what I dare not name.*

Peach. Look ye, wife, a handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a Temple coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can, in any thing but marriage! After that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her husband's power? for a husband hath absolute power over all a wife's secrets, but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but Polly is tender, and a spark at once will set her on a flame. Married! If the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! My daughter to me should be, like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it by the example of our neighbours.

Mrs. Peach. Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the captain liberties in the view of interest.

Peach. But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and sift her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambrick handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Peach. Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband! Why must our Polly, forsooth, differ from her sex, and love only her husband? And why must Polly's marriage, contrary to all observations, make her the less followed by other men? All men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR V. Of all the simple things we do, &c.

*A maid is like the golden ore,
Which bath guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose worth is never known, before
It is try'd and impress'd in the mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought or is sold;
And is current in every bouse.*

SCENE VI. *Mrs. Peachum, Filch.*

Mrs. Peach. Come hither, Filch. I am as fond of this child, as though my mind misgave me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky session does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

Filch. I ply'd at the Opera, madam; and considering it was neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs, Madam.

Mrs. Peach. Colour'd ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our warehouse at Redriffe, among the seamen.

Filch. And this snuff-box.

Mrs. Peach. Set in gold! A pretty encouragement, this, to a young beginner.

Filch. I had a fair tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forc'd to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then (since I was pump't) I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

Mrs. Peach. You should go to Hockley in the Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour: These are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy, by this time thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the Old Bailey! For the first fact I'll insure thee from being hang'd; and going to sea, Filch, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your book, and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the Ordinary's paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But, hark you, my lad. Don't tell me a lye; for you know I hate a liar. Do you know of any thing that hath pass'd between Captain Macheath and our Polly?

Filch. I beg you, Madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lye to you or to Miss Polly; for I promised her I would not tell.

Mrs. Peach. But when the honour of our family is concerned.

Filch. I shall lead a sad life with Miss Polly, if ever she comes to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

Mrs. Peach. Yonder comes my husband and Polly. Come, Filch, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a

glass of a most delicious cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

SCENE VII. *Peachum, Polly.*

Polly. I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our natures, papa. If I allow Captain Macheath some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to shew for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to shew how much I love her, &c.

*Virgins are like the fair flower in it's lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around:*

*But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.*

Peach. You know, Polly, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret, or so. But if I find out that you have play'd the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now you know my mind.

SCENE VIII. *Peachum, Polly, Mrs. Peachum.*

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine town.

Mrs. Peachum, in a very great passion.
Our Polly is a sad slut! nor needs what we have taught her.

*I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to
swell her pride, [have men beside;
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace, and she will
And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting,
fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.*

Our Polly is a sad slut! &c.
You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hanged, it would not have vex'd me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice! The wench is married, husband.

Peach. Married! the Captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money; to be sure he believes her a fortune.—Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married? Baggage!

Mrs. Peach. I know she was always a proud slut; and now the wench hath play'd the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support the expence of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? Have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife, about who shall squander most? There are not many husbands and wives who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce nobody into our family but a highwayman? Why, you foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill-used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

Peach. Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the Captain looks upon himself in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruin'd, or no?

Mrs. Peach. With Polly's fortune, she might very

well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes, that you might, you pouting slut!

Peach. What is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? [*Pinches her.*]

Polly. Oh! [*Screaming.*]

Mrs. Peach. How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them: they break through them all. They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

Peach. Why, Polly, I shall soon know if you are married, by Macheath's keeping from our house.

AIR VIII. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.

Polly. Can love be controul'd by advice?

Will Cupid our mothers obey?

Though my heart were as frozen as ice,

Ar his flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss me, so closely he press,

'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:

So I thought it both safest and best

To marry, for fear you should chide.

Mrs. Peach. Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever!

Peach. And Macheath may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hope to get into their daughter's fortune.

Polly. I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money; but, I love him.

Mrs. Peach. Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. Oh, husband, husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims! I'm distracted! I can't support myself—oh! [*Faints.*]

Peach. See, wench, to what a condition you have reduc'd your poor mother! a glass of cordial, this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out, and returns with it.*]

Ah, hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left!

Polly. Give her another glass, Sir! my mama drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

Mrs. Peach. The girl shews such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been?

O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss;

By keeping men off, you keep them on.

Polly. But he so seiz'd me,

And he so pleas'd me,

What I did, you must have done.

Mrs. Peach. Not with a highwayman—You sorry slut!

Peach. A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without the consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

Mrs. Peach. Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

Peach. Make yourself a little easy; I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, Polly? Since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

Mrs. Peach. Well, Polly; as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

Polly. Then all my sorrows are at an end.

Mrs. Peach. A mighty likely speech, in troth, for a wench who is just married!

AIR X. Thomas, I cannot, &c.

Polly. I, like a ship in storms, was tost;

Yet afraid to put in to land:

For seiz'd in the port the vessel's lost,

Whose treasure is contraband.

The waves are laid,

My duty's paid;

O joy beyond expression!

Thus, safe a-shore,

I ask no more,

My all's in my possession.

Peach. I hear customers in t'other room: go, talk with 'em, Polly; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone—But, hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating-watch; say, you believe we can't get intelligence of it till to-morrow. For I lent it to Sukey Straddle, to make a figure with it to-night at a tavern in Drury-Lane. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword; you know Beetle-brow'd Jemmy hath it on, and he doth not come from Tunbridge till Tuesday night; so that it cannot be had till then.

SCENE IX. Peachum, Mrs. Peachum.

Peach. Dear wife, be a little pacified, don't let your passion run away with your senses. Polly, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

Mrs. Peach. If she had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excus'd and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

Peach. But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue, now-a-days, is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

Mrs. Peach. I am very sensible, husband, that Captain Macheath is worth money; but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already; and then, if he should die in a session or two, Polly's dower would come into dispute.

Peach. That, indeed, is a point which ought to be consider'd.

AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

A fox may steal your hens, Sir,

A whore your health and pence, Sir,

Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,

Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,

A thief your goods and plate:

But this is all but picking,

With rest, pence, chest and chicken;

It ever was decreed, Sir,

If lawyer's hand is feed, Sir,

He steals your whole estate.

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

SCENE X. Mrs. Peachum, Peachum, Polly.

Polly. 'Twas only Nimming Ned. He brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a perriwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happen'd last night.

Peach. There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire, than Ned. But now, Polly, to your affairs; for matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

Polly. Yes, Sir.

Peach. And how do you propose to live, child?

Polly. Like other women, Sir, upon the industry of my husband.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the wench turn'd fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay as of his company.

Peach. And had not you the common views of a gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?

Polly. I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Peach. Of a jointure, and of being a widow.

Polly. But I love him, Sir; how then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

Peach. Parting with him! Why, this is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage-articles. The comfortable estate of widowhood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleas'd? If you have any views of this sort, Polly, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

Polly. How I dread to hear your advice! Yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

Peach. Secure what he hath got, have him peach'd the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

Polly. What, murder the man I love! The blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

Peach. Fye, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair? Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say the Captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the Captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours, to take robbers; every man in his business. So that there is no malice in the case.

Mrs. Peach. Ay, husband, now you have nick'd the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

Polly. O ponder well! be not severe;

So save a wretched wife!

For on the rope that hangs my dear,

Depends poor Polly's life.

Mrs. Peach. But your duty to your parents, huffey, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

Polly. What is a jointure, what is widowhood to me? I know my heart. I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. Le printems rapelle aux armes.

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,

Her lover dying,

The turtle thus with plaintive crying,

Laments her dove.

Down she drops, quite spent with sighing,

Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.

Mrs. Peach. What, is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

Polly. But hear me, mother.—If you ever lov'd—

Mrs. Peach. Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One word more, huffey, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

Peach. Keep out of the way, Polly, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

Mrs. Peach. Away, huffey. Hang your husband, and be dutiful.

SCENE XI. Mrs. Peachum, Peachum.

[*Polly list'ning.*]

Mrs. Peach. The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peach'd the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

Peach. But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his per-

sonal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wish you could have made Polly undertake it.

Mrs. Peach. But in case of necessity—our own lives are in danger.

Peach. Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest.—He shall be taken off.

Mrs. Peach. I'll undertake to manage Polly.

Peach. And I'll prepare matters for the Old-Bailey.

SCENE XII.

Polly. Now I'm a wretch, indeed.—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree! The whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—Jack Ketch himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee, by a reprieve. What then will become of Polly!—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape.—It shall be so—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear, dear conversation! That too will distract me.—If he keeps out of the way, my papa and mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays, he is hang'd, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lie conceal'd in my room, till the dusk of the evening: if they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him.

[*Exit, and returns.*]

SCENE XIII. Polly, Macheath.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say—

Mach. Pretty Polly, say,

When I was away,

Did your fancy never stray

To some newer lover?

Polly. Without disguise,

Hearing sighs,

Doating eyes,

My constant heart discover.

Fondly let me tell!

Mach. O pretty, pretty Poll.

Polly. And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

Mach. Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing but my love.—May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder while I am pursu'd, if ever I forsake thee!

Polly. Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you, for I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great heroes were ever false in love.

AIR XV. Pray, Fair one be kind—

Mach. My heart was so free,

It row'd like the bee,

Till Polly my passion requited;

I sipp'd each flower,

I chang'd every hour,

But here ev'ry flower is united.

Polly. Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

Mach. Is there any power, any force that could tear me from thee? You might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from quadrille.—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. Over the Hills and far away.

Were I laid on Greenland's coast,

And in my arms embrac'd my last;

B

*Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's night would pass.*
Polly. *Were I sold on Indian soil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the sultry soil
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.*

Mach. *And I would love you all the day,*

Polly. *Every night would kiss and play,*

Mach. *If with me you'd fondly stray,*

Polly. *Over the hills and far away.*

Polly. Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—
how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee.
We must part.

Mach. How! part!

Polly. We must, we must.—My papa and mama
are set against thy life. They now, even now are in
search after thee. They are preparing evidence
against thee. Thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. *Gin thou wert mine own thing—*

Oh what pain it is to part!

Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!

Can thy Polly ever leave thee?

But lest death my love should thwart,

And bring thee to the fatal cart,

Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!

Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

One kiss, and then—one kiss—be gone—farewel.

Mach. My hand, my heart, my dear, is so riveted
to thine, that I cannot unloose my hold.

Polly. But my papa may intercept thee, and then I
should lose the very glimmering of hope. A few
weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy
Polly hear from thee?

Mach. Must I then go?

Polly. And will not absence change your love?

Mach. If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hang'd.

Polly. O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but
when safety will give you leave, you will be sure to
see me again; for till then Polly is wretched.

AIR XVIII. *O the Broom, &c.*

Mach. *Themiser thus a shilling fees,* [Parting, and looking
Which he's oblig'd to pay, at each other with
With sighs resigns it by degrees, fondness; he at one
And fears 'tis gone for ay. door, she at the other.

Polly. *The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,*

The bird in silence eyes;

But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,

Whines, whimpers, jabs, and cries.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Tavern near Newgate.

Jemmy Twitcher, Crook-finger'd Jack, Wat Dreary,
Robin of Bagshot, Nimming Ned, Harry Padding-
ton, Mat of the Mint, Ben Budge, and the rest of the
gang, at the table, with wine, brandy, and tobacco.

Ben. **B**UT pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy
brother Tom, I have not seen him since
my return from transportation?

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this
time twelvemonth, and so clever a made fellow he
was, that I could not save him from those fleeing
rascals the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is
among the otamies at Surgeons-Hall.

Ben. So it seems his time was come.

Jem. But the present time is ours, and nobody
alive hath more. Why are the laws levelled at us?
Are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind?
What we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of
arms, and the right of conquest.

Crook. Where shall we find such another set of
practical philosophers, who to a man are above the
fear of death?

Wat. Sound men, and true!

Robin. Of try'd courage, and indefatigable industry?

Ned. Who is there here that would not die for his
friend?

Harry. Who is there here that would betray him
for his interest?

Mat. Shew me a gang of courtiers that can say
as much.

Ben. We are for a just partition of the world,
for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

Mat. We retrench the superfluities of mankind.
The world is avaricious, and I hate avarice. A cove-
tous fellow, like a jack-daw, steals what he was never
made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are
the robbers of mankind, for money was made for
the free-hearted and generous; and where is the
injury of taking from another what he hath not the
heart to make use of?

Jem. Our several stations for the day are fixt.
Good luck attend us all. Fill the glasses.

AIR XIX. *Fill every Glass, &c.*

Mat. *Fill every glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us*

With courage, love and joy.

Women and wine should life employ;

Is there aught else on earth desirous?

Chorus. *Fill every glass, &c.*

SCENE II. *To them enter Macheath.*

Mach. Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath
been with you this hour; but an unexpected affair
hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

Mat. We were just breaking up to go upon duty.
Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you,
Sir, this evening upon the heath? I drink a dram now
and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of
friendship and intelligence; and I know, that about
this time there will be passengers upon the Western
road, who are worth speaking with.

Mach. I was to have been of that party—but—

Mat. But what, Sir?

Mach. Is there any man who suspects my courage?

Mat. We have all been witnesses of it.

Mach. My honour and truth to the gang?

Mat. I'll be answerable for it.

Mach. In the division of our booty, have I ever
shewn the least marks of avarice or injustice?

Mat. By these questions something seems to have
ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

Mach. I have a fixed confidence, gentlemen, in you
all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect
you. Peachum is a man that is useful to us.

Mat. Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll
shoot him through the head.

Mach. I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct
and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

Mat. He knows nothing of this meeting.

Mach. Business cannot go on without him. He is
a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent
to us. We have had a slight difference, and till it is
accommodated, I shall be obliged to keep out of his
way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill
consequence to my friends. You must continue to
act under his direction, for the moment we break
loose from him, our gang is ruin'd.

Mat. As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is
to us of great convenience.

Mach. Make him believe I have quitted the gang
(which I can never do but with life;) at our private
quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so
will probably reconcile us.

Mat. Your instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so, till the evening, at our quarters in Moorfields, we bid you farewell.

Macb. I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you. [*Sits down melancholy at the table.*]

AIR XX. March in Rinaldo, with Drums and Trumpets.

Mat. Let us take the road. [*pets.*]

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!

The hour of attack approaches,

To your arms, brave boys, and load.

See the ball I hold!

Let the chymists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our lead to gold.

[The gang, rang'd in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles; then go off, singing the first part in chorus.]

SCENE III. Macheath, Drawer.

Macb. What a fool is a fond wench! Polly is most confoundedly bit.—I love the sex. And a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town perhaps have been as much oblig'd to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us, and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. Would you have a young Virgin, &c.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,

The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;

Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,

Raises the spirits, and charms our ears;

Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,

But her ripe lips are more sweet than those.

Press her,

Careless her;

With blisses,

Her kisses,

Diffolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.

I must have women. There is nothing u bends the mind like them. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time.—Drawer.—[*Enter Drawer.*] Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Draw. I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as Hackley in the Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-Yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's-Lane. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, coming.

SCENE IV.

Macheath, Mrs. Coaxer, Dolly Trull, Mrs. Vixen, Betty Doxy, Jenny Diver, Mrs. Slammekin, Sukey Tawdry, and Molly Brazen.

Macb. Dear Mrs. Coaxer, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint.—Dolly Trull; kiss me, you slut; are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else.—Ah, Dolly! thou wilt ever be a coquette!—Mrs. Vixen, I'm yours, I always lov'd a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives.—Betty Doxy! Come hither, hussy. Do you drink as hard as ever? You had better stick to good wholesome beer; for in troth, Betty, strong waters will in time ruin your constitution. You should leave those to your betters.—What! and my pretty Jenny Diver too! as prim and demure as ever! There is not any prude, though ever so high bred,

hath a more sanctify'd look, with a more mischevous heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful hypocrite. Mrs. Slammekin! as careless and genteel as ever! All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress.—But see, here's Sukey Tawdry come to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her back. Why, Sukey, you must keep at least a dozen tallymen. Molly Brazen! [*She kisses him.*] That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench. Thou hast a most agreeable assurance, and art as willing as a turtle.—But hark! I hear music. The Harper is at the door. *If music be the food of love, play on.* Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance?—Come in. [*Enter Harper.*—Play the French tune, that Mrs. Slammekin was so fond of.

[*A dance a-la-ronde in the French manner; near the end of it the song and chorus.*]

AIR XXII. Cotillion.

Youth's the season made for joy,

Love is teen our duty,

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her beauty.

Let's be gay;

While we may,

Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay.

Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,

Ours is not to-morrow.

Love with youth flies swift away,

Age is nought but sorrow.

Dance and sing,

Time's on the wing,

Life never knows the return of spring.

Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

Macb. Now, pray ladies, take your places.—Here, fellow. [*Pays the Harper.*] Bid the Drawer bring us more wine. [*Exit Harper.*] If any of the ladies chuse gin, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

Jenny. You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink strong waters, but when I have the cholic.

Macb. Just the excuse of the fine ladies! Why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

Coax. We have so many interlopers—yet, with industry, one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flower'd lutestring, and a piece of black paduafoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

Vix. There's Molly Brazen hath the ogle of a rattle-snake. She riveted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three pieces of cambrick before he could look off.

Braze. Oh, dear Madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! To cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.

Vix. Lace, Madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, Madam, to think too well of your friends.

Coax. If any woman hath more art than another to be sure, 'tis Jenny Diver. Though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly, as if money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman!

Jenny. I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men, for my pleasure. But, had I your address, Madam—

Mach. Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about. You are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you used to be.

Jen. 'Tis not convenient, Sir, to shew my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination, that will determine you.

A I R XXIII. All in a misty morning, &c.

Before the barn-door crowing,

The cock by hens attended,

His eyes around him throwing,

Stands for a while suspended.

Then one he singles from the crew,

And cheers the bappy hen,

With how do you do, and how do you do,

And how do you do again.

Mach. Ah, Jenny! thou art a dear slut.

Trull. Pray, Madam, were you ever in keeping?

Tawd. I hope, Madam, I han't been so long upon the town, but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

Trull. Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the question; it was only in the way of conversation.

Tawd. Indeed, Madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have liv'd very handsomely with my last friend. But upon his missing five guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

Slam. Who do you look upon, Madam, as your best sort of keepers?

Trull. That, Madam, is thereafter as they be.

Slam. I, Madam, was once kept by a Jew; and, bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

Tawd. Now for my part, I own I like an old fellow; for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

Vix. A spruce 'prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely. I have sent at least two or three dozen of them, in my time, to the plantations.

Jen. But to be sure, Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must be grown immensely rich.

Mach. The road indeed hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

A I R XXIV. When once I lay with another Man's Wife, &c.

Jen. The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike, If they meddle your all is in danger.

Like gypsies, if once they can finger a soufe,

Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your boufe,

And give your estate to a stranger.

A man of courage should never put any thing to the risk but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends. [*She takes up his pistol.* *Tawdry takes up the other.*]

Tawd. This, Sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you! but before company 'tis ill bred.

Mach. Wanton hussies!

Jen. I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about the neck and make signs to Peachum and Constables, who rush in upon him.*]

S C E N E V.

To them, Peachum and Constables.

Peach. I seize you, Sir, as my prisoner.

Mach. Was this well done, Jenny?—Women are decoy ducks; who can trust them? Beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores.

Peach. Your case, Mr. Macheath, is not particu-

lar. The greatest heroes have been ruin'd by women. But, to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your leave of the ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in Newgate.—Constables, wait upon the Captain to his lodgings.

A I R XXV. When first I laid Siege to my Chloris, &c.

Mach. At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,

At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure;

Let me go where I will,

In all kinds of ill,

I shall find no such furies as these are.

Peach. Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharg'd. [*Exit Macheath, guarded with Peachum and Constables.*]

S C E N E VI. The Women remain.

Vix. Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and Sukey Tawdry for betraying the Captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

Coax. I think, Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as Jenny Diver.

Slam. I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, (if he did me justice) should be set down to my account.

Trull. Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know one of them was taken in bed with me.

Jenny. As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. Sukey will join with me.—As for any thing else, ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

Slam. Dear Madam——

Trull. I would not for the world——

Slam. 'Tis impossible for me——

Trull. As I hope to be sav'd, Madam——

Slam. Nay then I must stay here all night——

Trull. Since you command me.

[*Exeunt with great ceremony.*]

S C E N E VII. Newgate.

Lockit, Turnkeys, Macheath, Constables.

Lock. Noble Captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, Sir; Garnish, Captain, Garnish.—Hand me down those fetters there.

Mach. Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the farther pair better.

Lock. Look ye, Captain, we know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him.—Hand them down I say.—We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

Mach. I understand you, Sir. [*Gives money.*] The fees here are so many, and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

Lock. Those, I see, will fit the Captain better.—Take down the farther pair.—Do but examine them, Sir.—Never was better work.—How genteely they are made!—They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be ashamed to wear them. [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

S C E N E VIII. Macheath.

A I R XXVI. Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm, &c.

Man may escape from rape and gun;

Nay, some have cut-liv'd the doctor's pill;

Who takes a woman must be undone,

That baselisk is sure to kill.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,

So be that tastes woman, woman, woman,

He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

To what a woeful plight have I brought myself! Here must I (all day long, till I am hang'd) be confin'd to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure, if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution.—But I promis'd the wench marriage—What signifies a promise to a woman? Does not man in marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes Lucy, and I cannot get from her.—Wou'd I were deaf!

SCENE IX. Macheath, Lucy.

Lucy. You bafe man you—how can you look me in the face after what hath passed between us?—See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forc'd to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me.—O Macheath! thou hast robb'd me of my quiet—to see thee tortur'd would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

Thus when a good housewife sees a rat

In her trap in the morning taken,

With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,

In revenge for her loss of bacon.

Then she throws him

To the dog or cat,

To be worried, crush'd, and shaken.

Macb. Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear Lucy, to see a husband in these circumstances?

Lucy. A husband!

Macb. In ev'ry respect but the form, and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

Lucy. 'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruin'd.

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the Sea was roaring, &c.

How cruel are the traitors,

Who lye and swear in jest,

To cheat unguarded creatures

Of virtue, fame, and rest!

Whoever steals a shilling,

Through shame the guilt conceals:

In love the perjur'd villain

With boasts the theft reveals.

Macb. The very first opportunity, my dear, (have but patience) you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

Lucy. Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of Miss Polly Peachum.—I could tear thy eyes out!

Macb. Sure, Lucy, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of Polly!

Lucy. Are you not married to her, you brute you!

Macb. Married! Very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the house; I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her (as all gentlemen do) that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let the world know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear Lucy, these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

Lucy. Come, come, Captain, for all your assurance,

you know that Miss Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promis'd me.

Macb. A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the ordinary, I shall have no scruple of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

Lucy. That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

Macb. I am ready, my dear Lucy, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage. What can a man of honour say more?

Lucy. So, then, it seems, you are not married to Miss Polly.

Macb. You know, Lucy, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her, but (like other fine ladies) her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXIX. The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams, &c.

The first time at the looking-glass

The mother sets her daughter,

The image strikes the smiling lass

With self-love ever after:

Each time she looks, she, fonder grown,

Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger.

But alas! vain maid, all eyes but your own

Can see you are not younger.

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

Lucy. Yonder is my father—perhaps this way we may light upon the ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word.—For I long to be made an honest woman.

SCENE X. Peachum, Lockit with an Account-Book.

Lock. In this last affair, brother Peachum, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in Macheath.

Peach. We shall never fall out about an execution—but as to that article, pray how stands our last year's account.

Lock. If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

Peach. This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

Lock. Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

Peach. In one respect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Lock. Such language, brother, any where else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.

AIR XXX. How happy are we, &c.

When you censure the age,

Be cautious and sage,

Left the courtiers offended should be:

If you mention vice or bribe,

'Tis so pat to all the tribe,

Each cries—That was levell'd at me.

Peach. Here's poor Ned Clincher's name, I see. Sure, brother Lockit, there was a little unfair proceeding in Ned's case: for he told me in the condemn'd hole, that for value receiv'd, you had pro-

mis'd him a fession or two longer without molestation.

Lock. Mr. Peachum—this is the first time my honour was ever call'd in question.

Peach. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Who accuses me?

Peach. You are warm, brother.

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood. And this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Peach. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. Coaxer charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of curl-pated Hugh. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

Lock. Is this language to me, firrah—who have sav'd you from the gallows, firrah! *[Collaring each other.]*

Peach. If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

Lock. This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!—

Peach. Brother, brother—We are both in the wrong—We shall be both losers in the dispute—for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

Lock. Nor you so provoking.

Peach. 'Tis our mutual interest; 'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

Lock. Brother Peachum—I can forgive as well as resent.—Give me your hand. Suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself: but I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box, that Filch nimm'd two nights ago in the Park. I appointed him at this hour.

SCENE XI. Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. Whence come you, hussy?

Lucy. My tears might answer that question.

Lock. You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a spaniel, over the fellow that hath abus'd you.

Lucy. One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in my power to obey you, and hate him.

Lock. Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable woman. 'Tis not the fashion now-a-days, so much as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy, and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. Of a noble Race was Shenkin.

Lucy. Is then his fate decreed, Sir?

Such a man can I think of quitting!

When first we met, so moves me yet,

O see how my heart is splitting!

Lock. Look ye, Lucy—There is no saving him—So, I think, you must even do like other women—buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII.

You'll think, ere many days ensue,

This sentence not severe;

I bang your husband, child, 'tis true,

But with him bang your care.

T'wang dang dillo dee.

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband: That, child, is your duty—Consider, girl, you can't have the man and the money too—so make yourself as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

SCENE XII. Lucy, Macheath.

Lucy. Though the ordinary was out of the way

to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my scruples—Oh, Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost despair.

Mach. But if I could raise a small sum—Would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing—Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. London Ladies.

If you at an office solicit your due,

And would not have matters neglected,

You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,

To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the favours of a lady prevent,

She, too, has this palpable failing,

The perquisite softens her into consent;

That reason with all is prevailing.

Lucy. What love or money can do shall be done: for all my comfort depends upon your safety.

SCENE XIII. Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Polly. Where is my dear husband? Was a rope ever intended for this neck! O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me!—'Tis thy Polly—'Tis thy wife.

Mach. Was ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

Lucy. Was there ever such another villain!

Polly. O Macheath! was it for this we parted? Taken! imprison'd! try'd! hang'd!—cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—Not one kind word! not one kind look! Think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. All in the Downs, &c.

Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,

Within the fast is close'y pent,

His consort, with bemoaning lay,

Without sits pining for th' event.

Her chatt'ring lovers all around her skim;

She heeds them not (poor bird) her soul's sav'd him.

Mach. I must disown her. *[Aside.]* The wench is distracted.

Lucy. Am I then bilk'd of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lye, and women to believe them! O villain! villain!

Pol. Am I not thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me too, severely proves it.—Look on me—Tell me, am I not thy wife?

Lucy. Perfidious wretch!

Pol. Barbarous husband!

Lucy. Hadst thou been hang'd five month, ago, I had been happy.

Pol. And I too—If thou had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me—And that's no very unreasonable request, (though from a wife) to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

Lucy. Art thou then married to another? Hast thou two wives, monster?

Mach. If women's tongues can cease for an answer—hear me.

Lu. I won't—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage. *Pol.* Shall I not claim my own? Justice bids me speak.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolicksome Ditty, &c.

Mach. How happy should I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away;

But while you thus seize me together,
To neither a word will I say:
But *tol de rol, &c.*

Pol. Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference shewn to a wife! at least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes, or he could not use me thus.

Lucy. O villain, villain! thou hast deceiv'd me—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. Irish Trot.

Polly. I am bubbled.

Lucy. ——— I'm bubbled.

Polly. O how I am troubled!

Lucy. Bamboozled and bit!

Polly. ——— My distresses are doubled.

Lucy. When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,
These fingers with pleasure could fasten the noose.

Polly. I'm bubbled, &c.

Macb. Be pacified, my dear Lucy—this is all a fetch of Polly's, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow.—Really, Polly, this is no time for a dispute of this sort; for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

Pol. And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

Macb. And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, Polly, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

Lucy. Really, Miss Peachum, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

AIR XXXVII.

Polly. Cease your funking;
Force or cunning
Never shall my heart trepan.
All these sallies
Are but malice
To seduce my constant man.
'Tis most certain,
By their flirting,
Women oft have envy sown.
Pleas'd, to ruin
Others wooing;
Never happy in their own.

Pol. Decency, Madam, methinks might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband, while his wife is present.

Macb. But seriously, Polly, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

Lucy. If you are determin'd, Madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be obliged to send for the turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, Madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

Pol. Give me leave to tell you, Madam, these forward airs don't become you in the least, Madam. And my duty, Madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, Madam.

AIR XXXVIII. Good-morrow, Gossip Joan.

Lucy. Why how now, madam flirt?
If you thus must chatter,
And are for singing dirt,
Let's try who best can spatter;
Madam flirt.

Polly. Why how now, saucy jade;
Sure the wench is tipsy!

How can you see me made [To him.
The scoff of such a gipsy?
Saucy jade! [To her.

SCENE XIV. Lucy, Macheath, Polly, Peachum.
Peach. Where's my wench? Ah, hussy! hussy! —Come you home, you slut; and when your fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

Polly. Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him. I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh! twist thy fetters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

Peach. Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves—away—not a word more—you are my prisoner, now, hussy.

AIR XXXIX. Irish Howl.

Polly. No power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.
When parents draw against our mind,
The true-love's knot they faster bind.
Oh, oh ray, oh Amborah—oh, oh, &c.

[Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.

SCENE XV. Lucy, Macheath.

Macb. I am naturally compassionate, wife; so that I could not use the wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

Lucy. Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

Macb. If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance—No, Lucy—I had rather die than be false to you.

Lucy. How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! For I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the arms of another.

Macb. But could'st thou bear to see me hang'd?

Lucy. O Macheath, I can never live to see that day.

Macb. You see, Lucy, in the account of love, you are in my debt, and you must now be convinc'd, that I rather chuse to die than be another's.—Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee—If you refuse to assist me, Peachum and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

Lucy. My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners; and I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—if I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

Macb. If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lie conceal'd. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—till then my heart is thy prisoner.

Lucy. Come then, my dear husband—dwe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

Macb. A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. The Lads of Patie's Mill, &c.

Lucy. I like the fox shall grieve,
Whose mate hath left her side,
Whom bounds, from morn to eve,
Chase o'er the country wide.
Where can my lover hide?
How cheat the wary pack?
If love be not his guide,
He never will come back!

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Newgate. Lockit, Lucy.

Lock. TO be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

Lucy. Sir, here hath been Peachum and his daughter Polly, and to be sure they know the ways of Newgate as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

Lock. Lucy, Lucy, I will have none of these shuffling answers.

Lucy. Well, then—If I know any thing of him I wish I may be burnt!

Lock. Keep your temper, Lucy, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

Lucy. Keep yours, Sir—I do wish I may be burnt; I do—And what can I say more to convince you?

Lock. Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father; and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good girl?

Lucy. You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

Lock. Ah, Lucy! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard; for a girl in the bar of an alehouse is always besieged.

Lucy. Dear Sir, mention not my education—for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

A I R XLI. If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

*When young at the bar you first taught me to score,
And bid me be free of my lips, and no more:*

I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire, and the sot.

When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.

But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he prest,

That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

Lock. And so you have let him escape, hussy—have you?

Lucy. When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing—and I could ask no other bribe.

Lock. Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut, Lucy—If you would not be look'd upon as a fool, you should never do any thing but upon the foot of interest. Those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

Lucy. But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet woman, and in love we are all fools alike—Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully convinc'd that Polly Peachum is actually his wife—Did I let him escape, (fool that I was!) to go to her!—Polly will wheedle herself into his money, and then Peachum will hang him, and cheat us both.

Lock. So I am to be ruin'd; because, forsooth, you must be in love!—a very pretty excuse!

Lucy. I could murder that impudent happy strumpet—I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it.—Ungrateful Macheath!

A I R XLII. South-Sea Ballad.

My love is all madness and folly,

Alone I lie,

Toss, tumble, and cry,

What a happy creature is Polly,

Was e'er such a wretch as I!

With rage I redder like scarlet,

That my dear inconstant warlet,

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling barlot!

Stark blind to my charms,

Is lost in the arms

Of that jilt, that inveigling barlot!

This, this my resentment alarms.

Lock. And so, after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your caterwauling, Mrs. Pufs!—Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses.—Go.

SCENE II. Lockit.

Peachum then intends to outwit me in this affair; but I'll be even with him.—The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—Lions, wolves, and vultures, don't live together in herds, droves or flocks.—Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together.—Peachum is my companion, my friend—According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me—and shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return!

A I R XLIII. Packington's Pound.

*Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,
Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,
And join to promote one another's deceit.*

But if by mishap

They fall of a chap,

To keep in their hands, they each other entrap.

Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,

They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

Now, Peachum, you and I like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can overreach the other.—Lucy.—[Enter Lucy.] Are there any of Peachum's people now in the house?

Lucy. Filch, Sir, is drinking a quartern of strong-waters in the next room with Black Moll.

Lock. Bid him come to me.

SCENE III. Lockit, Filch.

Lock. Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half-starv'd; like a shotten herring.

Filch. One had need have the constitution of a horse to go through the business—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have pick'd up a little money, by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being call'd down to sentence. But if a man cannot get an honest livelihood any easier way, I am sure 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

Lock. Truly, if that great man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable loss. The vigour and prowess of a knight-errant never saved half the ladies in distress that he hath done.—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

Filch. At his lock, Sir, at the Crooked Billet.

Lock. Very well—I have nothing more with you. [Exit Filch.] I'll go to him there; for I have many important affairs to settle with him; and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret.—So that Macheath shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.

SCENE IV. A Gaming-House.

Macb. I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them. [Gives them money.] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court friend, who professes every thing, and will do nothing.

A I R XLIV. Lillibullero.

The modes of the court so common are grown,

That a true friend can hardly be met;

Friendship for interest is but a loan,

Which they let out for what they can get.

*'Tis true, you find
Some friends so kind,*

*Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
In ferocious dirty,*

They promise, they pity,

But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world. And while I can serve you, you may command me.

Ben. It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involv'd in such difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill company, and herd with gamesters.

Matt. See the partiality of mankind!—One man may steal a horse, better than another look over a hedge. Of all mechanics, of all servile handicraftsmen, a gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the quality are of the profession, he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected.

Mach. There will be deep play to-night at Marybone, and consequently money may be pick'd up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

Matt. The fellow with a brown coat, with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

Mach. What do you mean, Matt?—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.

Ben. To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

Mach. Have an eye upon the money-lenders.—A rouleau, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

Matt. Those rouleaus are very pretty things.—I hate your bank-bills—there is such a hazard in putting them off.

Mach. There is a certain man of distinction, who in his time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my cash, Ben;—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt.—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at Marybone.

SCENE V. Peachum's Lock.

A Table, with Wine, Brandy, Pipes, and Tobacco.

Lock. The coronation account, brother Peachum, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

Peach. It consists indeed of a great variety of articles.—It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments.—This is part of the account, brother, that lies open before us.

Lock. A lady's tail of rich brocade—that, I see, is dispos'd of.—

Peach. To Mrs. Diana Trapes, the tally-woman; and she will make a good hand on't in shoes and slippers, to trick out your ladies upon their going into keeping.—

Lock. But I don't see any article of the jewels.

Peach. Those are so well known, that they must be sent abroad.—You'll find them entered under the article of exportation.—As for the snuff-boxes, watches, swords, &c.—I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

Lock. Seven and twenty women's pockets complete; with the several things therein contained; all seal'd, number'd, and enter'd.

Peach. But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair.—We should have the whole day before us.—Besides, the account of the last half year's plate is in a book by itself, at the other office.

Lock. Bring us then more liquor.—To-day shall

be for pleasure.—To-morrow for business.—Ah, brother, those daughters of ours are two slippery humies.—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. Down in the North Country, &c.
Lock. *What gudgeons are we men!*

Every woman's easy prey.

Though we have felt the hook, again

We bite, and they betray.

The bird that hath been trap'd,

When he hears his calling mate,

To her he flies, again he's clapt

Within the wirey grate.

Peach. But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter Lucy will set open the door of the cage?

Lock. If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days.—This is unkind of you, brother; for, among good friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mrs. Diana Trapes wants to speak with you.

Peach. Shall we admit her, brother Lockit?

Lock. By all means.—She's a good customer, and a fine-spoken woman.—And a woman who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the conversation.

Peach. Desire her to walk in. *[Exit Servant.]*

SCENE VI. Peachum, Lockit, Mrs. Trapes.

Peach. Dear Mrs. Dye, your servant.—One may know by your kiss your gin is excellent.

Trapes. I was always very curious in my liquors,

Lock. There is no perfum'd breath like it.—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips.—Hav'n't I, Mrs. Dye?

Trapes. Fill it up.—I take as large draughts of liquor, as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. A Shepherd kept Sheep, &c.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, &c.

Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, &c.

The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,

Lip to lip while we're young—then the lip to the

glass, fa, la, la, &c.

But now, Mr. Peachum, to our business.—If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late, mantuas—velvet scarfs—petticoats—let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

Peach. Why, look ye, Mrs. Dye—you deal so hard with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen, who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

Trapes. The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing.—To be sure, of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament.—Three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends.—The act for destroying the mint, was a severe cut upon our business.—Till then, if a customer stepped out of the way, we knew where to have her.—No doubt you know Mrs. Coaxer—there's a wench now (till to-day) with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together!—Since the act, too, against imprisonment for small sums, my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so, when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the least hank upon her! And, o' my conscience, now-a-days, most ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with safety.

Peach. Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us t'other day for seven guineas.—Considering we must have our profit—to a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be scarce worth the raking.

Trapes. Consider, Mr. Peachum, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale.—If you have any black velvet scarfs—they are a handsome winter-wear, and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers.—'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot. 'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half a crown to two guineas; and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking of me.—Then, too, allowing for accidents.—I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hands—what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings-in, and not a farthing to pay for at least a month's clothing.—We run great risques—great risques indeed.

Peach. As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

Trapes. Yes, Sir.—To be sure I stript her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of her's at my house. She call'd him up stairs, as he was going to Marybone in a hackney-coach. And I hope, for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the Captain to redeem her, for the Captain is very generous to the ladies.

Lock. What Captain?

Trapes. He thought I did not know him—an intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. Peachum—only Captain Macheath—as fine as a lord.

Peach. To-morrow, dear Mrs. Dye, you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like.—We have at least half a dozen velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of night clothes for your own wearing?—But are you sure it is Captain Macheath?

Trapes. Though he thinks I have forgot him, nobody knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the Captain's money in my time at second-hand, for he always lov'd to have his ladies well dress'd.

Peach. Mr. Lockit and I have a little business with the Captain—you understand me—and we will satisfy you for Mrs. Coaxer's debt.

Lock. Depend upon it—we will deal like men of honour.

Trapes. I don't enquire after your affairs—so whatever happens, I wash my hands on't—It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another—But if you please—I'll take one of the scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in hand.

SCENE VII. Newgate.

Lucy. Jealousy, rage, love and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces.—How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with distresses!

AIR XLVII. One Evening, having lost my Way, &c.

I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,

Now high, now low, with each billow borne,

With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,

Deserted and all forlorn.

While thus I lie rolling and tossing all night,

That Polly lies sporting on seas of delight!

Revenge, revenge, revenge,

Shall appease my restless spirit.

I have the ratbane ready.—I run no risque; for I can lay her death upon the gin, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be call'd in question.—But say I were to be hang'd—I never should be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poisoning that slut,

Enter Filch.

Filch. Madam, here's Miss Polly come to wait upon you.

Lucy. Shew her in.

SCENE VIII. Lucy, Polly.

Lucy. Dear Madam, your servant.—I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last.—I was so over-run with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. Now Roger, I'll tell thee, &c.

When a wife's in her post,

(As she's sometimes, no doubt;)

The good husband as meek as a lamb,

Her vapours to still,

First grants her her will,

And the quieting draught is a dram. Poor man!

And the quieting draught is a dram.

I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable a reconciliation.

Polly. I have no excuse for my own behaviour, Madam, but my misfortunes.—And really, Madam, I suffer too upon your account.

Lucy. But, Miss Polly—in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

Polly. Strong-waters are apt to give me the head-ach—I hope, Madam, you will excuse me.

Lucy. Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet, for her own private drinking.—You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

Polly. I am sorry, Madam, my health will not now allow me to accept of your offer—I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, Madam, had not my papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly.—I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful.—But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserve'd your pity, rather than your resentment.

Lucy. But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again.—Ah Polly! Polly! 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

Polly. Sure, Madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy.—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

Lucy. Then our cases, my dear Polly, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

AIR XLIX. O Bessy Bell.

Polly. A curse attend that woman's love,

Who always would be pleasing.

Lucy. The pertness of the billing dove,

Like tickling, is but teasing.

Polly. What then in love can woman do?

Lucy. If we grow fond they spurn us.

Polly. And when we fly them, they pursue;

Lucy. But leave us when they've won us.

Lucy. Love is so very whimsical in both sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting.—But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

Polly. But really, Mistress Lucy, by his last behaviour, I think I ought to envy you.—When I was forc'd from him, he did not shew the least tenderness.—But, perhaps, he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. Would Fate to me Belinda give.

Among the men, coquettes we find,

Who court by turns all woman-kind;

And we grant all their hearts desir'd,

When they are flatter'd, and admir'd.

The coquettes of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear Lucy, our husband is one of those.

Lucy. Away with these melancholy reflections—indeed, my dear Polly, we are both of us a cup too low. Let me prevail upon you to accept of my offer.

A I R LI. Come, sweet La's.

Come, sweet la's,

Let's banish sorrow

Till to-morrow;

Come, sweet la's,

Let's take a chirping glass.

Wine can clear

The vapours of despair,

And make us light as air;

Then drink and banish care.

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits.—And I must persuade you to what I know will do you good.—I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. [Aside.

SCENE IX. Polly.

Polly. All this wheedling of Lucy cannot be for nothing.—At this time too! when I know she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the forerunner of mischief.—By pouring strong-waters down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me.—I'll be upon my guard, and won't take a drop of her liquor, I'm resolv'd.

SCENE X. Lucy, with Strong-Waters, Polly.

Lucy. Come, Miss Polly.

Polly. Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose.—You must, my dear, excuse me.

Lucy. Really, Miss Polly, you are as squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong-waters as a lady before company. I vow, Polly, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me.—Brandy and men (though women love them ever so well) are always taken by us with reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

Polly. I protest, Ma'am, it goes against me.—What do I see! Macheath again in custody!—Now every glimm'ring of happiness is lost.

[Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.]

Lucy. Since things are thus, I'm glad the wench hath escap'd: for by this event, 'tis plain, she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd.

SCENE XI.

Lock. Set your heart to rest, Captain.—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape—for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

Peach. Away, hussies!—This is not time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives.—You see, the gentleman is in chains already.

Lucy. O husband, husband, my heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

Polly. Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? with me thou hadst been safe.

A I R LII. The last Time I went o'er the Moor.

Polly. Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes.

Lucy. Bestow one glance to cheer me.

Polly. Think with that look thy Polly dies.

Lucy. O shun me not—but hear me.

Polly. 'Tis Polly sues.

Lucy. ——— 'Tis Lucy speaks.

Polly. Is thus true love requited?

Lucy. My heart is bursting,

Polly. ——— Mine too breaks,

Lucy. Must I,

Polly. ——— Must I be slighted?

Mach. What would you have me say, ladies?—You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

Peach. But the settling this point, Captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

A I R LIII. Tom Tinker's my true Love.

Mach. Which way shall I turn me—How can I decide? Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.

One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear.
This way, and that way, and which way I will,
What would comfort the one, & other wife would take ill.

Polly. But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine.—A father sure will be more compassionate.—Dear, dear, Sir, sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial.—Polly upon her knees begs it of you.

A I R LIV. I am a poor Shepherd undone.

When my hero in court appears,

And stands arraign'd for his life;

Then think of poor Polly's tears;

For ah, poor Polly's his wife.

Like the sailor he holds up his hand,

Distress'd, on the dashing wave.

To die a dry death at land,

Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.

And alas, poor Polly!

A lack, and well-a-day!

Before I was in love,

Oh! every month was May.

Lucy. If Peachum's heart is harden'd, sure you, Sir, will have more compassion on a daughter.—I know the evidence is in your power.—How then can you be a tyrant to me? [Kneeling.

A I R LV. Ianthe the lovely, &c.

When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,

O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!

What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords?

For death is more certain by witnesses words.

Then nail up their lips; that dread thunder allay;

And each month of my life will hereafter be May.

Lock. Macheath's time is come, Lucy.—We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

A I R LVI. A Cöbler there was, &c.

Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,

When matters require it, must give up our gang:

And good reason why,

Or, instead of the fry,

Even Peachum and I,

Like poor petty rascals, might bang, bang;

Like poor petty rascals, might bang.

Peach. Set your heart at rest, Polly—Your husband is to die to-day.—Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

Lock. We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the Old Bailey.

A I R LVII. Bonny Dundee.

Mach. The charge is prepar'd; the lawyers are met;

The judges all rang'd (a terrible show!)

I go, undismay'd;—for death is a debt,

A debt on demand—so take what I owe.

Then farewell, my love; dear charmers, adieu.

Contented I die—'tis the better for you.

Here end all disputes the rest of our lives,

For this way at once I please all my wives.

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE XII. Lucy, Polly, Filch.

Polly. Follow them, Filch, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd—You'll find me here with Miss Lucy. [Exit Filch.] But why is all this music?

Lucy. The prisoners whose trials are put off till next session, are diverting themselves.

Polly. Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction!—But alas!—now all mirth seems an insult upon my affliction.—Let us retire, my dear Lucy, and indulge our sorrows.—The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

SCENE XIII. The Condemn'd Hold.

Macheath, in a melancholy posture.

AIR LVIII. Happy Groves.

O cruel, cruel, cruel case!

Must I suffer this disgrace!

AIR LIX. Of all the Girls that are so smart.

Of all the friends in time of grief,

When threat'ning death looks grimmer,

Not one so sure can bring relief,

As this best friend, a brimmer. [Drinks.

AIR LX. Britons strike home.

Since I must swing—I scorn, I scorn to winch or rubine.

AIR LXI. Chevy Chase.

But now again my spirits sink;

I'll raise them high with wine. [Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. To old Sir Simon the King.

But valour the stronger grows,

The stronger liquor we're drinking;

And how can we feel our woes,

When we've lost the trouble of thinking? [Drinks.

AIR LXIII. Joy to Great Cæsar.

If thus—A man can die (brandy.

Much bolder with brandy. [Pours out a bumper of

AIR LXIV. There was an old Woman.

So I drink off this bumper—and now I can stand the test,

And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.

AIR LXV. Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.

But can I leave my pretty buffies,

Without one tear, or tender sigh?

AIR LXVI. Why are my eyes still flowing.

Their eyes, their lips, their buffies

Recall my love—Ab must I die!

AIR LXVII. Green Sleeves.

Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,

To curb vice in others, as well as me,

I wonder we han't better company,

Upon Tyburn tree!

But gold from law can take out the sting;

And if rich men like us were to swing,

'Twou'd thin the land, such numbers to string

Upon Tyburn tree!

Jailor. Some friends of yours, Captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together.

SCENE XIV. Enter Mat of the Mint, &c.

Mach. For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I am order'd immediate execution.—The sheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door.—That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surpris'd me.—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and that even our gang can no more trust one another than other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live some months longer.

Mat. We are heartily sorry, Captain, for your misfortune.—But 'tis what we must all come to.

Mach. Peachum and Lockit, you know, are infamous scoundrels. Their lives are as much in your power, as yours are in theirs—Remember your dying friend!—'Tis my last request—Bring those villains to the gallows before you, and I am satisfied.

Mat. We'll do't.

Jailor. Miss Polly and Miss Lucy intreat a word with you.

Mach. Gentlemen, adieu.

SCENE XV. Lucy, Macheath, Polly.

Mach. My dear Lucy—My dear Polly—Whatever hath pass'd between us is now at an end—If you are fond of marrying again, the best advice I can give you is, to ship yourselves off for the West Indies, where you'll have a fair chance of getting a husband a-piece, or, by good luck, two or three, as you like best.

Polly. How can I support this sight!

Lucy. There is nothing moves one so much as a great man in distress.

AIR LXVIII. All you that must take a Leap, &c.

Lucy. *Would I might be bang'd!*

Polly. *—And I would so too!*

Lucy. *To be bang'd with you.*

Polly. *—My dear with you.*

Mach. *O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!*

I tremble! I droop!—See, my courage is out.

Lucy. *No token of love?*

Polly. *—Adieu.*

Lucy. *—Farewel.*

Mach. *But bark! I bear the toll of the bell,*

Chorus. *Tol de rol lol, &c.*

Jailor. Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece! See, here they come. [Enter women and children.

Mach. What—four wives more!—This is too much—Here—tell the sheriff's officers I am ready.

[Exit Macheath guarded.

To them, Enter Player and Beggar.

Play. But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that Macheath shall be really executed.

Beg. Most certainly, Sir.—To make the piece perfect, I was for doing strict poetical justice.—Macheath is to be hang'd; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

Play. Why then, friend, this is a downright deep Tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong, for an Opera must end happily.

Beg. Your objection, Sir, is very just, and is easily remov'd. For you must allow, that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—So—you rabble there—run and cry a reprieve! let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

Play. All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

Beg. Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen.—Had the play remained as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'Twould have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich; and that they are punish'd for them.

To them, Macheath with Rabble, &c.

Mach. So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last.—Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

All. Come, a dance—*—a dance.*

Mach. Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you. And (if I may without offence) for this time, I take Polly for mine.—And for life, you slut—for we were really marry'd.—As for the rest—But at present keep your own secret. [To Polly.

AIR LXIX. Lumps of Pudding, &c.

Thus I stand like the Turk, with his dories around;

From all sides their glances his passion confound;

For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,

And the different beauties subdue him by turns.

Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires;

Though willing to all, with but one beretires.

But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow;

The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.

Chorus. *But think of this maxim, &c.*

T H E
C H A P L E T.
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Written by MOSES MENDEZ, Esq.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

DAMON.
PALEMON.

W O M E N.

LAURA.
PASTORA.

PART I. SCENE I.

DAMON, LAURA.

LAURA.

UNGRATEFUL Damon! Is it come to this?
Are these the happy scenes of promis'd bliss?
Ne'er hope, vain Laura, future bliss to prove!
Content ne'er harbours with neglected love!

DAMON.

Consider, fair, the ever-restless power
Shifts with the breeze, and changes with the hour:
Above restraint, he scorns a fix'd abode,
And on his silken plumes flies forth the rambling god.

A I R.

You say at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
What know we of angels!—I meant it in joke.
I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove.
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year,
And not yet contented—have conscience, my dear.

RECITATIVE.

To-day Demætas gave a rural treat,
And I once more my chosen friends must meet,
Farewel, sweet damsel, and remember this,
Full repetition deadens all our bliss.

SCENE II.

LAURA,

Where baleful cypress forms a gloomy shade,
And yelling spectres haunt the dreary glade;
Unknown to all, my lonesome steps I'll bend,
There weep my sufferings, and my fate attend.

A I R.

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour
To resist the tender dart:
For examples move us never,
We must feel to know the smart.
When the shepherd swears he's dying,
And our beauties sets to view;
Vanity her aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due.
Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild deceitful strain;
Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flattery never sues in vain.
Soon, too soon, the happy lover
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe. [Exit,

SCENE III.

DAMON and several Shepherds drinking.

DAMON,

In mirth and pastime ev'ry hour employ,
Lost is the day that is not spent in joy;

A

THE CHAPLET.

Here strew your roses, here your chaplets bring,
And listen, neighbours, to the truths I sing.

A I R.

Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
While thus we sit round on the grass;
The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass;
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glass,
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an ass.
The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
And oft, while he's wandering, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.
The lawyer so grave when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass;
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
There you, my good friend, are the ass.
The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class;
The sick man awhile may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an ass.
Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take the bottle and lass;
For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

PASTORA, PALÆMON.

PALÆMON.

Indeed, Pastora, spight of all you say,
I must this very instant haste away;
You think my flame's extinguish'd quite, I know;
And other objects strike me—may be so.

PASTORA.

Perfidious boy! I know 'tis Silvia's charms
That tear Palæmon from these circling arms;
But soon, perhaps, some other wiser youth
May learn to set due value on my truth.

PALÆMON.

Whoe'er the youth may be, who claims my part,
He has my full consent with all my heart.

A I R.

Farewel, my Pastora, no longer your swain,
Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain,
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol.
I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay:
How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day:
Their love is but frolick, their courtship but play.
Sing tol derol.
If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft notes they heap pity implore;
She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er,
'Tis an hundred to ten that they never meet more.
Sing tol derol. [Exit.]

PASTORA.

Insulting boy! I'll tear him from my mind;
Ah! would my fortune could a husband find!

And just in time young Damon comes this way;
A handsome youth he is, and rich they say.

S C E N E V.

DAMON, PASTORA.

DAMON.

Vouchsafe, sweet maid, to hear a wretched swain,
Who, lost in wonder, hugs the pleasing chain.
For you in sighs I hail the rising day;
To you at eve I sing the love-sick lay;
Then take, my love, my homage as your due.
The devil's in her if all this won't do. [Aside.]

A I R.

DAMON.

Beauteous maid, reward my passion,
Crown with hopes my fierce desire.

SHE.

Soon to yield is not the fashion,
Maids some courtship should require.

HE.

Tedious courtship damps all pleasure,
By this melting kiss I swear.

SHE.

Now you're rude beyond all measure;
Kiss again, Sir, if you dare.

HE.

Where yon bank the willows cover,
We will shun the heat of day.

SHE.

You're in too much haste, young lover,
For the priest must lead the way.

HE.

We can do without him better,
None but fools would marry now;
Priests the free-born mind would fetter,
We will meet without a vow.

PASTORA.

Away, false man, no more your tale I'll hear;
The black attempt offends my rigid ear:
The joys I taste shall be without a crime;
I'll ne'er be fool'd by man—a second time. [Aside.]

DAMON.

If so, farewell, I'll other regions try;
My gen'rous mind disdains the slavish tie.
Lovers, like warriors, oft repulses meet;
Yet both undaunted their attacks repeat.

A I R.

HE.

From flow'r to flow'r, his joy to change,
Flits yonder wanton bee;
From fair to fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

SHE.

You little birds attentive view,
That hop from tree to tree;

I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

HE.

While tempests shake the nodding grove,
And plough the foaming sea;
While hawks pursue the flying dove,
So long will I be free.

SHE.

Till on the bush the lily grows,
Till flocks forsake the sea,
Till from the rock bursts forth the rose,
You'll find me but the and free.

BOTH.

Then let's divide to East and West,
Since we shall ne'er agree;
And try who keeps their promise best,
And who's the longest free.

[Exit.]

PART II. SCENE I.

LAURA.

A I R.

WHAT medicine can soften the bosom's
keen smart?
What Lethe can banish the pain?
What cure can be met with to sooth the fond heart,
That's broke by a faithless young swain?
In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
The sports of the wake and the green!
When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was seen.
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,
In accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.
A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

DAMON.

A charming consort would have fill'd these arms.
Had I but yielded to Pastora's charms;
How blest'd would then have been my future life,
Palæmon's mistress turn'd to Damon's wife!
Yet in her coin the wily nymph I'll pay,
And all her schemes of vanity betray;
Then haste to Laura, that much-injur'd fair,
And snatch her from the jaws of black despair.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

PASTORA.

A I R.

In vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart.
Yet I am not old or ugly:
Let me consult my faithful glass,
A face much worse than this might pass.
Methinks I look full smugly.
Yet blest'd with all these pow'rful charms,

The young Palæmon fled these arms;

That wild unthinking rover;
Hope, silly maids; as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot;
Like madmen how they rave and stare!
Awhile they shake their chains, and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SCENE IV.

To her DAMON.

Once more I come to hear what you decree;
Yet ere you pass your sentence, list to me.

A I R.

Declare, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.
Tho' charms and wit assail,
The stroke I well can parry;
I love to kiss, and toy and play,
But do not chuse to marry.
Young Molly of the dale
Makes a mere slave of Harry;
Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
The foolish swain wou'd marry.
These fix'd resolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry.

PASTORA.

Dare you avow, false youth! your lawless flame?
Think not to tempt me to a deed of shame!

DAMON.

Say, have you ask'd your never-conquer'd heart
How many years it may resist the dart?
For long attacks the strongest fortress waste,
And Troy stood ten years siege, but fell at last.

PASTORA.

Vainly you hope my virtuous heart to move;
I know your vile intent, and scorn your love.

DAMON.

Turn, turn your eyes to yonder conscious shade;
There a young shepherd met a haughty maid;
The pines that hang o'er yonder dusky dell,
The babbling pines, a tale of scandal tell;
And tattling willows to the plains proclaim,
Palæmon was the happy lover's name.
Ha! do you start?—Pastora, fam'd for truth
And rigid virtue, clasp'd a blooming youth;
And, laying ev'ry sterner thought aside,
Indulg'd her pleasure, and forgot her pride.

PASTORA.

Disast'rous fate! how could he hear the tale? [Aside.]
You've lost all hopes, and now begin to rail.

THE CHAPLET.

S C E N E V.

To them LAURA.

A I R.

How unhappy's the nymph
Who weeps to the wind,
And doats with despair
On a swain that's unkind!

DAMON.

I see the fates determine I shall wed;
Two nymphs ~~are~~ ready to partake my bed:
Which shall I chuse? Pastora's wond'rous fair,
And Laura sparkles like the morning star.

PASTORA, Aside.

Come, there are hopes; now, Venus, lend each
grace,
And with bewitching beauties arm my face.

DAMON.

A I R.

Three goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young Paris one day;
Can I judge the value of either,
Where both bear so equal a sway?

PASTORA.

Consider my wit and condition,
Consider my person likewise;
I never was us'd to petition;
But prythee, make use of your eyes.

LAURA.

No merit I plead but my passion,
'Twere needless to mention your vow;
Reflect with a little compassion
On what this poor bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some genius direct me, or demon,
Or else I may chance to chuse wrong—

[After some pause.]

You're part of the goods of Palæmon,
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA, Aside.

Misjudging wretch! with rage my bosom glows;
Can he prefer a nettle to a rose?

A I R.

I know that my person is charming,
Beyond what a clown can discover:
That dowdy your senses alarming,
Proves what a blind thing is a lover.
I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
Where beauty is follow'd by merit;
Your taste, simple Damon, I pity!
Your wit, who would wish to inherit?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my anger wou'd smother;
The loss of one lover can't vex me,
My charms will procure me another.
I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you;
How odious they look! I can't bear 'em!
I wish you much joy of your fury;
My rage into pieces could tear 'em.

[Exit.]

S C E N E the Last.

DAMON.

To thee, kind nymph, as to offended Heav'n,
I own my faults, and sue to be forgiven;
Then, gentle Laura, clear my past offence,
Repentance is ally'd to Innocence.

LAURA.

Think not a rigid judge your faults arraigns,
My tender bosom feels for all your pains;
In those sad hours, when to the secret grove
I told my pangs of inauspicious love,
My only pray'r was once again to see
The lovely author of my misery!
Again to clasp him to my beating breast!
The gods have heard my vows, and Laura's blest.

DAMON.

A I R.

Contented all day I will sit at your side,
Where poplars far-stretching o'er-arch the cool tide,
And while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me no danger I fear,
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the swain, till he make you a wife:
For he who loves truly will take you for life.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend.

BOTH.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found;
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
youth.



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